Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 10, 1914 Number 15

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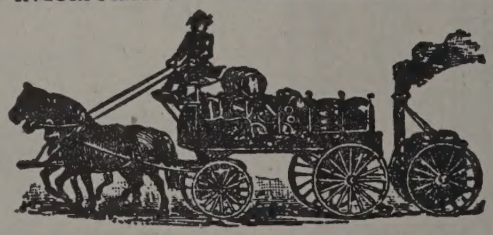

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1914. Number 15

THE DESERTER

There was a face at a window
As we went marching by—
There was the face of a woman,
And I'll see it till I die!

The drum's beat like a strong man's heart
As we swung down from the hill;
The flags were snappin' in the wind
And the fifes were blowin' shrill...
And then I saw a woman's face
And I knew I could not kill.

'Twas gone again in half a flash,
I only saw her eyes...
As I have sometimes seen a star
Fall blindly down the skies.
And then....I heard the beating drums,
And I knew that they were lies.

I could not take another step—
God help me!—for my life;
A madness gripped my whirling brain,
And stung me like a knife...
And I threw my lance down in the road
And cursed the blowing fife.

An officer rode up...I saw
His naked sword outdrawn;
But he only sat his horse and smiled
With a face most strangely wan.
"I know," he said, "I saw it, too."
And then: "You'll die at dawn!"

He beckoned...Soldiers took my arms
And dragged me to the rear,
I passed a thousand staring eyes,
I heard my comrades jeer;
And they said that I had been afraid—
They lied! It was not fear...

It was a woman's stricken face
That looked across the sill
As we came down the iron road
With our fifes a-blowin' shrill.
It was a face that looked at me
And would not let me kill.

And so I wait beneath the stars
A soul condemned to die—
And down the curling road I hear
My comrades marching by,
And all the fifes and all the drums
I know to be a lie!

There was a face at a window
That looked out and was gone—
There was the face of a woman,
And I'll see it till the dawn.

—*Dana Burnet.*

In New York Evening Sun.

Our learned neighbor *The Continent* in a timely plea for the "aristocracy of speech" speaks of "John Ruskin writing in Sartor Resartus(!)" Guess again, neighbor!

The *Chicago Herald* maintains the exceptional standard established by its forerunner, the *Record Herald,* and continues to refuse all liquor advertisements, including wine and beer as well as whisky. This is a significant sign of the times. We doubt if yet such a stand has proved "good business" measured by the cash-book, but it surely is good morals and proves that newspapers can have consciences and by the cash-book of tomorrow it will prove to be good business.

The Christmas season comes on apace. Now as never before the gospel of the manger, which is the gospel of the simple life, should be enforced. The manger and the kindly cattle, the communion of the shepherds and the barn environment rebuke the extravagance of Christmas, the artificiality of its celebration, the costliness of the gifts, the over-working of men, women and children as evidence of good will. Let not the haste of madness be mistaken for a good time.

John Visher, whose death occurred November 20th, was a humble worker in the field of religious thought and humanitarian helpfulness. As a Unitarian minister he had a varying experience. As a worker in charity organizations he rendered signal service. As a pioneer settler on the Dakota frontier he was brave and helpful, always gentle, always pure, always hoping for better things. If faithfulness and persistency are attributes of the heavenly life John Visher was a saint.

Frank O. Smith, Representative in Congress from the Fifth Maryland District, has moved a "joint resolution" ceding what is called the Panhandle of Alaska to Canada on any pacific terms, by sale, exchange or both, or, we would add, by gift. That border strip of coast scarcely more than a shoe string along the beach on the western line of Canada can scarcely be of any value to the United States on the basis of fraternal relations with Canada. Geographically its interests are identical with those of Canada and the prosperity of Canada spells the prosperity of the United States wisely and prophetically interpreted. Prof. Ross of the University of Wisconsin says in connection with the project:

I want to express my heartiest accord with your statesmanlike suggestion of ceding the Alaska Panhandle to Canada. In the present state of the American mind the project ought to be pushed. In time of war prepare for peace.

Every intelligent man ought to resolve that there shall never be thought of trouble between Canada and the United States. I would rather we made a present to Canada of the Panhandle than did nothing about it.

* * * * *

Americans ought to jump at this opportunity to ACT on behalf of peace instead of merely TALKING about it.

The National Federation of Religious Liberals came to being in 1908 largely through the initiative of Hendy W. Wilbur, a leader in the Society of Friends at Philadelphia, intimately connected with the work of that fellowship throughout the country. His recent death deprived this Society of its first and only president. With him gone it is hard to think of the organization as having an existence sufficiently tangible to be perpetuated; but Rev. Charles W. Wendte, his active associate in the work of the Federation and the Secretary of the same, on a recent visit to Philadelphia found Mr. Wilbur's friends anxious to carry out the plans which were already maturing in his mind to hold the Fifth Session of the Federation in Philadelphia on February 21 to 24, 1915, the Friends' Meeting House on Race and Fifteenth streets having been offered as a place of meeting. Prof. Jesse W. Holmes of Swarthmore College is to preside at the meeting and the co-operation of the friends of progressive religion throughout the country is invited. The Federation is composed of individual membership, which is secured by the annual payment of one dollar. Co-operation and suggestion is solicited by the Rev. Charles W. Wendte, General Secretary, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin of the Unitarian Church at Los Angeles has conjured out of the gruesome realms of evil some twenty or more "devils" which he proposes to expose and if possible to rout in as many Sunday morning sermons in his church. Among these devils are those of doubt, despair, hate, cowardice, poverty, tradition, heedlessness, etc. And he promises to compel these leaders of gloom to point the way to faith, hope, love, courage, plenty, prophecy and cheerfulness. We commend the courage that dares link one Sunday service with the other presuming on continuous attendance and accumulative effect. Evidently Brother Hodgin believes in advertising and in pushing his business. Why not? It is a business both honorable and urgent. The following is on the reverse side of the card announcing the course which he describes as "Putting the Devil to Rout, or Redeeming the Waste Forces of Life":

Can we not make this a better year for the church and for ourselves than any preceding one? Can we not have every seat occupied each Sunday? If you are a regular attendant will you not bring someone with you for the next five Sundays at least? If you are not a regular attendant will you not agree to attend for five consecutive Sundays and see if it is not worth while? A little more zeal on the part of all will insure a capacity house each week. Does not the list of subjects on the opposite side appeal to you as being worth the effort? Will you kindly hand or mail this card to someone who may also be interested?

The imbecility of the twentieth century on the upper side perhaps is found in a passion for organization, the duplication of societies, the overlapping of energies. In Chicago recently there was a conference called of five different societies whose mission in the city is that of fighting vice and rescuing the fallen. Their work is so identical that a committee of the Association of Commerce whose business it is to investigate and when proper commend the various humanitarian and social organizations that appeal to the public for support were confused. So they asked them to come together and try to simplify their organizations that they might increase their efficiency. The suggestion so long as it remained in the abstract was welcomed by all present but this was promptly followed by the representatives of the several societies pleading for the life of their organizations with a "not just yet" argument. Meanwhile where are the 1,200 or more religious organizations whose confessed business it is to do this very work and back of this what of the mayor, the common council and the thousand policemen who are sworn to do this same kind of thing? The advocate of temperance, the friend of Woman's Suffrage, he who would help the neglected child or befriend the abandoned woman is distraught with the number of instrumentalities that offer themselves as his assistants. And many men and women are threatened with an inefficiency that comes from a readiness to "join" clubs, societies, committees, pledged to usefulness.

To expedite "From Farm to Table via Parcel Post" Postmaster Campbell of Chicago has issued a four-page circular which has been distributed among the postmasters of the Central West giving specific directions of how farmers may send their products direct to the consumer. The advice includes directions concerning the shipment of eggs and other perishable material. Farmers and other producers are invited to send their names and addresses direct to the Postmaster at Chicago and their names will be given such publicity as will bring them into direct contact with consumers. This activity on the part of the Post Office Department at Washington is more prophetic perhaps than even the Department itself realizes. How ponderous, expensive but life-absorbing has become the middleman agency in such a country as the United States! If the producer were to come into such close contact as scientific application of the Parcel Post admits what a large army of men and women who now have to be fed and cared for and in many cases be sumptuously provided for with the luxuries of

wealth, would be released from duty and perhaps a percentage of them would be compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow in the gardens, cornfields, wheatfields and barns of the United States. Still the painful paradox obtains. At country-sides there is the dearth of workers indoor and outdoors, while in the city the unemployed crowd the floors of the police stations with those who have no other place to sleep. The files of those who cannot find work are being daily depleted by those who join the ranks of the army that will not work. It may be a far cry from the Parcel Post service to the dearth of labor in farm communities and the congestion of labor in the cities, but the remoteness is only apparent. There is need of a larger readjustment of the industrial world and the United States is the strategic ground of civilization for experimentations and demonstrations in these directions.

Fabius was a Roman general of some renown who sought to conquer by delay. Whatever strategic value there may be in a conspiracy of silence and a policy of hesitation it would seem that the present exigency of civilization calls for prompt and decisive action on the part of all those who see in the present European situation the evil results of precipitancy encouraged by a fell confidence in the well-stocked armories of war. Last Saturday noon one of the large theaters of Chicago was well filled by an earnest throng of men and women who came to hear the pleas of Mme. Rosika Schwimmer and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence for immediate action on the part of those who believe that the forces of love can be marshaled as well as the forces of hate and that the human reason and the human heart is still susceptible to argument as the body is vulnerable to bullets. The meeting was presided over by Miss Addams and closed with an invocation by the Editor of UNITY. Recently Mme. Schwimmer addressed an audience in Wheeling, W. Va., which was presided over by the Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron, at the close of which the following resolutions were passed. Similar ones were adopted by a rising vote at the Chicago meeting. Let not the spirit be quenched by the timidity that fears plain speech, that distrusts the efficacy of honest expression of profound conviction. There are still powers left outside the battlefield. The non-combatant and neutral nations, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain and the Republics of North and South America, are still within the domain of law and are amenable to the pleas of reason. They at least are free to discuss conditions of federation on lines that will make war between themselves less possible. If these neutral nations were to arrange for a conference at The Hague in the Palace of Peace during the Lenten season that is approaching, perhaps some, if not all, the powers under arms would send delegates, unofficial or otherwise, to reason and to report. The situation is so dire that no effort however feeble and no discussion however inadequate can be wrong. Nothing is more damnable than a conspiracy of silence in the presence of great wrongs. Nothing is more debilitating than inaction in times of profound emergencies. There is more at stake than the blood-strewn fields of Europe. The fallacies of the militant, which for the last twenty years have been preparing for and consequently securing this war, are at this time dangerously active in this country. The Army and Navy League and their insidious associates are moving with slippered feet in all the cities of importance in this country seeking to organize branch departments, enlisting the co-operation of business men and of the press dealing in the arguments of expediency and appealing to the narrow ambitions for trade pre-eminence and national prominence. They are trying to rout the great arguments of internationalism, the cause of humanity, the gospel of love, with the blinding appeals of narrow patriotism, conscious and selfish nationalism. It is time that the disfranchised half of humanity, the women, that the representatives of religion, the would-be followers of the "Prince of Peace," be heard from. A confused judgment is bad, but it is excusable; but a cowardly will, a hesitating conscience is worse and inexcusable among people in full possession of their minds and hearts. Let each city in the land have its peace meetings and let these or similar resolutions be passed by mass meetings in churches, colleges and high schools. Never was the remark more pertinent, "He who is not for me is against me," in this crisis:

A RESOLUTION—RABBI LAZARON PRESIDING.

Some people in Wheeling—to their great credit—have assisted in an effort to end this awful war in Europe, to bring to a close the fearful mistake of 1914.

Resolutions with this in view were adopted at a recent meeting of the Women's Suffrage Club of this city—of which Miss Florence Hoge is the energetic president—which was addressed by Madame Rosika Schwimmer on behalf of peace. Morris S. Lazaron, Wheeling's gifted and patriotic Rabbi, presided at the meeting and prepared the resolution—which was forwarded to President Wilson, and reads as follows:

Resolution passed at a mass meeting of citizens of Wheeling, held under the auspices of the Equal Suffrage Association of Wheeling, October 22d, in the interest of Peace.

WHEREAS, The war must ultimately be terminated by mediation, and,

WHEREAS, President Wilson at the outbreak of the war, hastened to offer mediation at once and added to his offer, "but if you do not wish to do it now, do let me know when you are ready for it," and,

WHEREAS, This means that one or other of the combating nations is expected to call President Wilson to begin mediation, and,

WHEREAS, In the world's war-code, this would mean that the nation asking for mediation confesses that it has reached the limit of its resources, and,

WHEREAS, All the combating nations have resolved "to conquer or be killed to the last man," which would preclude a call by any one of them for mediation;

WHEREAS, In this crisis it is not sufficient to wait for the right moment to come of itself, but it is for all who deplore the terrible waste of life to hasten with united strength the coming of the right moment for mediation.

Therefore, Be it highly resolved,

THAT, President Wilson, without waiting to be invited to mediate, should send to Europe at once, some representative;

THAT, President Wilson shall call together representatives from the governments of such countries whose neutrality is disinterested;

THAT, The representative of the United States and the representatives of the other neutral nations should constitute an International Watching Committee.

THAT, This International Watching Committee shall send every single day a renewed offer for immediate mediation to the belligerent governments, these repeated offers thus making it possible to accept instead of ask for mediation, with the earnest hope that such action will hasten the conclusion and ultimately stop the war.

The above resolution speaks for itself—the end sought should have the co-operation of everyone. We can and should—be it much or little—do our part in bringing to a close this world butchery—certainly one can write the President endorsing the Lazaron resolution.

Peace Armies

The sagacity and insight of "Dooley" does not desert him when he writes "long-tailed English" as Hosea Biglow would say. In the "Interpreter's House" of the December *American* he advocates the cause of "a standing army," not indeed to "fight men but to fight flies, rats and other real enemies." He is still the philosopher sufficiently independent of traditions to distinguish between the antiquated combinations of a half-developed people and the prophetic combinations that the nations are groping toward, when he argues that the present demand on the individual made by the most militant powers of Europe is none too much; that every boy, yes, girl, too, owes two years and more of special service to the interests of the state. It is "Dooley's" way of rendering into terms of civics the plea for the "We" religion urged in our sermon department in this week's issue. There are foes that cannot be met by individual effort, enemies that must be fought by co-operation and these are the most persistent obstacles to the prosperity and the culture that is the boast of the superficial and the hunger and thirst of the noble. Pests and diseases baffle the individual but yield promptly to the intelligently organized mass. Estimating a million rats in this country and that each rat, according to Herbert Quick, destroys annually seven dollars worth of property, there is a seven million dollar leakage in the resources of the United States in money, saying nothing of the perpetual menace to health and comfort. Now this menace can be met only by a militant array of combined forces. The ten thousand dollars appropriated by the City of Philadelphia for the extermination of rats, Mr. Quick estimates, is only enough to annoy them a little, not enough to destroy them. When the unachieved tasks of irrigation and drainage, of reforestation, reclamation of soil and the harnessing of rivers is taken into consideration here are tasks more gigantic than competing with the monarchial powers and in the making of dreadnoughts that are largely self-destructive and the aggregation of gun soldiers to rot in idleness and to disintegrate in character. For all the glamour of the battlefield must not shut our eyes to the unquestioned demoralizations of the camp. Gambling, drunkenness and profligacy have always been camp followers and it cannot be otherwise now.

The need of militant organizations to promote pacific interests urged playfully by "Mr. Dooley" is called for by a more studied array of facts by Miss Ida Tarbell in the same magazine in a searching article entitled "The Golden Rule in Business." The unemployed ought not to be, and they might be done away with if only the efficiency practiced in the mobilization of armies was practiced in the interest of peace. There is searching irony in her reasoning when she shows how promptly an army can be raised on well-thought-out lines, but when it comes to an industrial calamity and men and women are to be kept at work the only thing we know how to do in the direst extremity is to establish soup kitchens.

The skepticism of the Navy League man is not wholly dissipated even by these trenchant writers. There still lurks the suspicion that only the military can inspire heroism; that it takes fife and drum and glistening bayonet to put into life an element of enthusiasm that is willing to die for a cause. To admit this as fact is to make a pitiful arraignment of human nature, and if it be true all the greater shame to the manipulators of warlike instruments and the advocate of war appropriations that they should be content to cater to humanity on such low levels instead of proceeding at once on the high task of educating men and women to nobler ideals and filling them with more benign consecrations.

But we deny the insinuation and call upon "Mr. Dooley" and Ida Tarbell and their associates to show by the light of history as well as by the conclusions of philosophy that the higher interests of the soul have always commanded the noblest consecration. The martyrs of science and religion, the heroes of justice out-number and out-shine the long glittering line of the warriors who have died for pride and patriotism.

Because of the war, English manufacturers and consumers of wood pulp have been caused considerable uneasiness. Production is at a standstill in the countries at war, and in Norway and Sweden, principal sources of supply, mills have been greatly hampered because of a lack of coal and of chemicals. England has practically no domestic sources of pulp.

THE PULPIT

Religion in the Plural Number

A Sermon

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Delivered at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Help us Father so to realize thy infinity as to include all thy created children. We pray Father this morning not for ourselves, but for thine. We pray that there may grow into our hearts a sense of kinship with all mankind. Help us to make their cause our cause. Help us to bear their woes upon our own hearts. Help us to seek that salvation from sin and weakness, from crime and cowardice that will lift us as a community into nobler lives, making us better elements in this city, making the city "a light set upon a hill that cannot be hid." We would glorify the state that rejoices in the nation, a nation that finds its power and potency, its mission, its joy in serving the round world, in which its citizens may live each for each and all for thee. Amen.

SERMON.

What is religion? I cannot tell. Religion is one of the large fundamental things that baffles definition. No man has formulated a definition that satisfies the other man. But of many definitions it is safe to say that the broadest is the best. Whatever religion is, it is something that reaches from the naked savage who carries his divinity around his neck, to him who gave his life for others on Calvary. Whatever religion is, it is something that may have had its rise in fear, a dread of the dark, ripening into a haunting sense of unseen forces, malign or benign, besetting the life. It is also something that rises into a sense of unity and breaks at last into the modesty that confesses its inability to describe "Him in whom we live and move and have our being." Whatever religion is, it is something that reaches through the whole diameter of human hopes and fears.

The pronoun is one of the latest developments of language. The little child has a large vocabulary before he learns to say "I" and "mine." He thinks of himself in the third person before he does in the first person. "Johnnie wants this." "Mary wants to go," indicates the thinking of the little child concerning itself.

Browning, in trying to translate the religious experiences of primitive man, gave us a Caliban who could not use the pronoun. He says, "Caliban thinketh, Caliban heareth," not "I hear" and "I think."

To continue the grammar lesson, there has been a growth in the development of number terminations. The Greek, Sanskrit and other languages have three numbers, singular, dual and plural. Religion has also grown along this line. It has risen from a personal solicitation, an anxiety for one's own soul, to a care for the state, an anxiety for the race, a love for humanity.

I am to speak this morning of religion in the plural number. Let us climb the ladder from religion as a personal anxiety, a dread of some unknown mystery, a fear of the territory incognito that lies beyond the pillars of Hercules where the fell forces are, toward which no man dared to sail. The greatness of Columbus appears not in the fact that he dared sail the Atlantic in his little craft, but that he dare to pass beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Perhaps the earlier religion was more concerned with devil religion than God worship. Primitive man seemed to have assumed that the benign forces were harmless. They were on his side anyhow. They needed no placating. It was the bad divinity that must be watched, humiliated or placated.

Religion in the singular number reached high levels. Bunyan the Puritan pilgrim abandoned wife and child when they became impedimenta on the journey to the Celestial City which he was determined to win, if need be all alone; the family must be eliminated. This piety appears in the old hymn,

> A charge to keep I have,
> A God to glorify,
> A never dying soul to save
> And fit it for the sky.

The next round in the ladder reaches something like the dual number of Greek grammar, the personal anxiety of the individual for his own, his wife and his child.

> "O Lord, bless me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife,
> Us four and no more."

The "no more" of it indicates a pathetic limitation in the religious career. There is too much of this dual number in religion still extant. There is a solicitation for "me" and "mine." There is a lot of selfish piety in the world that glorifies blood relations. "My children," "my family" must be sheltered. They must not be exposed to discipline, and the old Bible text comes promptly to the lips:

> "If any provide not for his own, and especially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Then there comes the tribal type of religion where the clan glories in a divinity that is partial to it; rejoices in the thought that it is the object of peculiar favor. Its favorite divinity is most powerful and they are the "chosen" race. Mary Antin, in that marvelous book of hers, "The Promised Land," tells of the untutored Jew in Russia, who is honorable in his dealings with fellow Jews, strict in his accounts and loyal to his bargains with his co-religionists, but unhesitatingly and freely exercises whatever duplicity, and dishonesty may come in his way in dealing with the hostile Gentile world.

Later on we come to a stage where religion and the state are one. Religion becomes a national function and we have the "established" church. In these days we have painful demonstrations of that religion that stops with a national consciousness; patriotism and piety are easily confounded. The Kaiser leads forth his forces to battle in the name of God and Fatherland. "The Autocrat of all the Russias" invokes the presence of the Most high on his army as they leave for the battlefield. King George dismisses his troops to go to fight for *his* country and commits them to the charge of *his* God.

At last in the rarest souls fear gives way to love and religion touches the table-lands of philosophy, the highlands of the spirit. The religion that began in a regard for, or a fear of, the "lucky stone," the stone with a hole in it, which was worn as an amulet around the neck to ward off the enemies' arrows, mounts and mounts until it reaches that lover of truth that drank the hemlock in Athens and endured the Cross

on Calvary, and the motto of little Switzerland takes on religious power, "Each for all and all for each," adding a dynamic element, a motive and an impetus to our own "*E pluribus unum,*" one in many.

I am not one of those who find it easy to discriminate between the religion of the Old and New Testaments. It is a convenient but a delusive distinction that theologians have been in the habit of making when they say that the Jewish religion deals with justice and law, that of the New Testament with love and gentleness. I find much tenderness, paternal and maternal piety in the Old Testament, and I do not find harsh judgment, severe and bold denunciations wanting in the New Testament. But there is a striking distance traveled between the two great classic passages in our Bible. By common consent by the unchalleneged love of the centuries, the twenty-third Psalm and what we call the "Lord's Prayer" are the classic passages of the Bible. They rise above and reach beyond in popular use and in the appreciation of the human soul in its supreme moments of anguish or of joy, all other passages. Let us read these two passages with special emphasis on the pronouns:

"The Lord is *my* shepherd, *I* shall not want.
He maketh *me* to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth *me* beside the still waters,
He restoreth *my* soul;
He leadeth *me* in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though *I* walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for thou are with *me*;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort *me*.
Thou preparest a table before *me* in the presence of *mine* enemies:
Thou anointest *my* head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow *me* all the days of *my* life;
And *I* will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Comforting lines indeed! High poetry, whether judged by the standards of literature or by their contribution to human trust and faith; they deserve the high place they occupy. These lines have been strength to uncounted millions of the dying and comfort to as many millions of the bereaved. This Psalm has been the consolation of the persecuted, the companion of the lowly, the strength of the sick.

Now let us read the other classic with similar emphasis:

"*Our* Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.
"Give *us* this day *our* daily bread and forgive *us our* trespasses as *we* forgive those who trespass against *us*.
"Lead *us* not into temptation but deliver *us* from evil, for thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever."

We have made the great passage from the conscious anxiety, the burden of the one to the conscious needs and comfort of the *all*. We call the latter the "Lord's Prayer," but our Hebrew scholars are justified when they tell us that there is nothing original in this prayer. They readily match each paragraph here with a similar paragraph from the earlier Hebrew writings. In these sentences we pass out of the peculiar realm of Christendom, and they carry to us the universal application; this prayer becomes the classic of lofty souls everywhere and always. In the Parliament of Religion in 1893, representatives of all the faiths of the world, many of them chosen delegates from the religions of the non-Christian world as well as from the Christian, united three times a day for seventeen days in saying this "Our Father," and the polyglot company was led now by Catholic Cardinal, anon by a Jewish Rabbi, again by Mohammedan, Buddhist, Unitarian or Presbyterian, and these words were equally truthful on the tongues of each. The vast company united in one sweet chorus of reverence when they spoke "Our Father, hallowed be thy name," and prayed for the coming of His kingdom.

A well-known leader of modern thought, equally beloved in all the churches, and perhaps outside the pale of all of them, once said to me, "I like to go to the Episcopal Church once in a while because it is so good to hear folks confess in chorus that they are all 'miserable sinners.' It is this togetherness that is impressive in the 'we' religion."

In this climb in religion out of the singular into the plural number we have traveled all the way from the troglodyte, the cave dweller of science, up to the men and women who rejoice in the power of art and the inspirations of service. Religion has kept pace with the material development, intellectual enlargement, and the deepening consciousness of the world when it has grown out of the singular, through the dual into the plural number. But it is religion all the way and everywhere; it is the most potent element in human conduct, the dominant force in human life. So do we find at last that the highest test of religion is this grammatical test of number?

I do not forget that there still abides among us those who claim to stand on the uppermost round of philosophy and who affect the culture, refinement and elegancies of civilized life, those who boast of their liberty, and who will say, "I have a right to do as I please. My first duty is to be true to my own nature. I must revere the sanctities of the individual." But the "we" religion answers promptly, "By no means; not for one minute can you carry your own liberty beyond the point where another's liberty begins, without trespassing upon the sanctities of your own soul and the laws of the spiritual kingdom. You have no rights in this world that conflict with the well-being of the community in which you belong and the sanctity of the state whose protection you enjoy."

Love has been prostituted in the hands of the egotist who assumes that he is sufficiently justified when he obeys the prompting of his own heart in the realm of what he calls love. He is ready to trample the closest obligations of duty, the responsibilities of parentage to the ecstasy of passion, the enraptured exaltation of what he calls love. But Emerson probed the fallacy of this philosophy to the core in his great trilogy, where he shows that passion of man for woman, or vice versa, is a passion that the human holds in common with the lower animals. In this "Initial Love" is the power to be true, kind and in the narrower circle heart affection is beautifully realized in the beaver house and in the squirrel's nest.

There comes a time in the growth of the soul when this love must needs be crucified should it perchance run contrariwise with the established interests and rights of the community. There comes a time when this "initial love" rises into what Emerson calls the Demonic love, the love of tribe, the love of community, the love of creed, the love of denomination, the pride of nations and of race. But promptly the growing love rises out of this "Demonic" realm into what

our Seer calls the "Celestial Love," devotion to principle, the love of justice, of truth, of right, and instead of singing the selfish songs of individual salvation the soul breaks out into the higher strain of the "we" piety:

"For this is Love's nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true."

In another connection our poet reaches the same high piety when he says:

"Have I a lover who is noble and free,
Would he were nobler than to love me."

George Eliot, to my mind the greatest interpreter of the human heart in modern fiction, has made duty outreach the farthest limit of human affection. The Spanish Gypsy, the beloved Queen, fondled and admired by the devotion of a noble prince, cannot forget that her despised people and persecuted father lie beyond the realm of her happiness, and she tears the love of a noble man out of her heart that she might go where duty called. She turns aside from the sweet promises so dear to woman's heart, the manly love and the home that springs out of such and takes the step that will defeat her dreams, bring ignominy and disgrace, but the peace of conscience. She says:

"I will go!
Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
This deed and I have ripened with the hours:
It is a part of me,—a wakened thought
That, rising like a giant, masters me,
And grows into a doom. O mother life,
That seemed to nourish me so tenderly,
Even in the womb you vowed me to the fire,
Hung on my soul the burden of men's hopes,
And pledged me to redeem!—I'll pay the debt.
You gave me strength that I should pour it all
Into this anguish. I can never shrink
Back into bliss,—my heart has grown too big
With things that might be."

With more deliberateness and perhaps nobler fashion the same author traces a similar triumph in the soul of Romola, who would not yield her heart to a lover who was disloyal to the conditions of probity and the rectitude of the state.

Humanity asserts itself where creeds fail. If I should deny the obligations of a Decalogue, the credentials of which are the miraculous origin on cloud capped Sinai, I dare not deny the mandates of the same law when expressed in the revised statutes of the State of Illinois. Though the requirements of this statute be imperfect and inadequate, they represent the slow and painful growth of the human heart, the gropings toward organized society, and these credentials are authoritative. The most deplorable, the wickedest of infidelity is the infidelity of the citizen who mocks the revelations of the Eternal revealed in the conditions of civil government, the constitutions of the states and United States

There is a new piety breaking upon us. It is born out of a new conception of the "we religion." The churches of today are being tested by their devotion to this plural piety as expressed in the needs of city and state, the call of nation and inter-nation. "A Seventh Day Religion," the next-world piety, a church with denominational anxieties, with a parson "too busy" with his "calls" to serve the higher calls of his country, distracted by the perplexities of his little sect, have had their day. They represent an impious interpretation of piety, an unholy wearing of holy garments.

Once indeed the individual carried his divinity around his neck. Later he had a gospel bound in morocco. His prayer book under one arm and a Bible under the other dictated to him the terms of his devotion. But there is coming a higher demand, a wider vision; the salvation of the individual must give way to the redemption of the state, which involves the purification of politics, the elimination of graft, the retirement of self-seekers, those sinister leaders who flaunt their contempt at the ideal, who prostitute the sanctities of the state, crush the life of women and children in the interest of "boss" and party, and, what is worse, silence the tones of conscience, seeking the enthusiasm of men and women in the interest of expediency and politics instead of the ideal, the just and true.

This "we" religion presents a line of new business to the church. He cannot be much longer tolerated at the altars of religion who is not a leader in civic righteousness, a divinely appointed guide and guardian of the state, whose leadership comes not with the authority passed through the finger tips of bishop and popes, but the diviner apostolic succession that flies from one great heart to the other, uniting and blessing the world.

However the credentials of a book-based religion may be challenged, however men grow to distrust miracles and the miraculous revelations based thereon, the sanctity of the State, the binding quality of its statute books, imperfect as they may be, are growing. These represent the demands of the "we" religion.

Do not misunderstand me. It is religion all the way up from the fetisch worshipper, but religion culminates in the words of the prophets of all ages, in the deeds of the saints of all creeds, in the testimony of the martyrs of all races, whose blood now as always is the fertile seed of the church.

Yes, the "church." We come back to that. After we have made all our arraignments against it, when their sins are all catalogued,—and I will join with you in your analysis and classification of these,—there will still remain this one potent, saving element at the heart of the church, all churches and all religions, a groping toward the "we" of it. This gives it perennial claim on human affection, its permanent place in human life.

Alas to the soul who deems any substitute in the way of man-excluding clubs, classes, caste, wealth or reform a substitute for the grand and ancient credentials of religion, whichever is groping toward the ideal that brings the egotist to his knees. There is a togetherness in the meanest and smallest church in this city that shames your proudest lodges and discounts your bumptious clubs everywhere. Blessed indeed is the togetherness of men and women where they stand on equal footing at the communion table of the Christ they adore or at the altars of worship dedicated to the Most High. Inadequate as is this togetherness of the church, it outreaches any other of the devices of human society in its inclusiveness.

In proportion as we feel the power of religion in the plural number, in that proportion are we distrustful of the temptation that seeks efficiency through ease, that "competency" that would cut off the undesirable by the non-social blackball, that would establish the artificial barriers expressed in the elegancies of silks and satins, the luxuries of wealth and the conceits that belong thereto.

Bring the stories of church persecutions and dogmas, pile them mountain high at the feet of him of Nazareth who said to the despised and distrusted, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," and still over and above them all rises the benignant countenance of him who was found "eating and drinking with publicans and sinners." Over and above them all stands Paul, the indomitable missionary who caught the message on his wireless instrument, a message as it were flashed from the clouds, and bore it beyond the confines of Jerusalem, beyond the racial lines of the ecclesiasticism of Israel and the rites of Judaism. He carried the gospel of brotherhood from capital to capital of the then known world, throughout Syria and Asia Minor, to Macedonia, Athens, Corinth, Rome,—everywhere declaring the piety of the plural number; a religion that was for Jew and Gentile, Barbarian and Scythian, bond and free.

I am not unmindful of the growth of dogma. In one way or another for over thirty years in this presence I have tried to deny the binding power of partisan creeds; but he has consulted his books in vain, he is no scholar who does not see that in the Cross of Christ the nations have been glorified, and religion has escaped at least the shallow distinctions of race and color, of birth and political distinctions.

When Benedict led his devoted followers from their shelter on Monte Cassino out into the wilds of Europe, the savage realms of untamed Teuton and Celt, chanting their slogan, "Laborare est orare,"—to labor is to pray,—they went to a victory greater than any ever achieved by Alexander or Cæsar. Their triple vow to chastity, charity and labor proved the most effective armor ever carried over the mountains into the valleys of Europe.

St. Francis was the disappointing son of an aristocratic merchant of Assisi. The father would fain have made an elegant merchant tailor of his son. He named him after France, which even then was the source of "style," the home of fashion, and was heart-broken when the promising youth refused to enter upon the attractive career in business which the father had planned for him. Driven to desperation, the boy disrobed himself, laid his velvets and satins in a roll at the feet of his elegant father, and naked and alone faced the world in the interest of brotherhood. It was a bold determination to interpret religion in the plural number. And he so wrought upon the history of Europe, so shaped the destinies of nations, that to this day he is recognized as well as the unofficial power that modified the political history of Europe, tempered if he did not change the commercial ambitions and methods of the centuries.

Yes the Church is still parsing life in the plural number. Tell the story of the greedy popes, recount the wickedness of the cardinals. Over against all of these I summon to this platform the obscure monk of Florence, the humble teacher of mathematics and Greek, who at the corrupt center of a corrupt age, when the name of the De Medici was a stench in the nostrils of the holy, when Lorenzo, who aspired to the name of "The Magnificent," defied kings and priests for money! money! money! stood up and stood out for the people. The father of grafters, the first great political "boss" in Europe, reigned with almost supreme power. But this obscure monk, the bashful, halting, unknown Savonarola, climbed into the pulpit of the Duomo and denounced "The Magnificent," exposed the corrupt and defied the arrogant. The Pope in his dismay asked the politicians what to do with him. The astute "bosses" said then, as they would say now, "Give him a cardinal's hat; that will shut his mouth. Give him an office; that will spike his guns." The politician's advice was followed. A delegate from Rome came to offer him a red hat. "I will give my answer in the Duomo next Sunday" was the reply. On the preceding Saturday Florentine citizens rose at midnight that they might secure a seat in the Duomo, which was crowded before daylight, and the answer came. It was a more vehement denunciation than ever before, a more bitter exposure of the corruption in high places. He assailed greed and graft in public offices as they never before had been assailed, and his mighty peroration ended with, "Go tell the Pope that is my answer!"

Read the story of Luther's revitalization of Germany, of Wesley reorganizing the industrial system of England. Listen to the persuasive voice of William Ellery Channing, in whose study was organized the first peace society the world ever knew. Harken to Theodore Parker thundering in Boston against the crime of slavery and the cupidity of office seekers, and then dismiss the church, if you can, as unworthy the confidence of the intelligent. Turn your back on it, if you dare, as a thing outgrown.

I am not pleading for any particular church, or form of a church, but I am pleading for a religion in the plural number. Wherever expressed this has been the mighty lever, lifting humanity, moving toward a togetherness not yet realized.

Friends, we may be uncertain as to the future of the so-called "Powers" of Europe. We may doubt even the permanency of our own Republic; but of one thing we may be sure. The Church of the living God, seeking after the verities of religion, striving to bring together the children of men on the high levels of duty, is here to stay, and it is making headway in the world faster than we can understand. It has gone farther now than we can realize; even in the presence of the terrors of war, the hopeful ear detects some encouraging accents of religion in the plural number.

We talk of the war as a lapse into "barbarism," a revelation of "savagery" in Europe, and we speak of the "brutality" of this war. In all this we owe an apology to the brute. Brutes never precipitated such unwarranted cruelties on innocent beings, even the pernicious man-eating tiger is harmless when his gorge is satisfied. The savage man is maligned when the adjective "savage" is applied to this war. The student of primitive man knows that he was timid, slow, shrinking and in the main gentle. Barbarism never sank into such devilish efficiency. The truth is, the present war in Europe is a striking revelation of the mighty triumph of civilization. It is a coarse civilization on the way to a more benign realization. Per-

haps the modern dreadnaught is the best material embodiment of all the triumph of mechanism and the applied arts known to man. The laboratory and the shop have exhausted their wisdom in building this terrible instrument of destruction. Now when this wisdom that is so prostituted to malign uses, is applied to pacific motives, when the skill and resources are dedicated to the building of better bridges and more of the nobler railways, more instruments of precision in the interest of the farm, the hospital and the school, what splendid results are to be expected. There is something sublime in the terrible uprising of the great "powers" of Europe. At the psychical moment millions of workmen dropped their tools, scarcely caught a moment in which to kiss their wives and little ones good-bye, as they promptly yielded to the mighty impulse of a co-operative consciousness. Some blind but splendid social impulse, some inspiration of the line, some mighty revelation of power in the plural number marched them away with steady, unflinching steps, without passion, without hatred, and, strange to say, with little or no inspiration,—at least at the begining of the movement. They were simply swayed by a mighty co-operative sense of loyalty to something non-personal or extra-personal bred within them. It promises something sublime when in the fullness German and Briton, Slav, Frank and Turk will march together to meet a foe without gun, and to die for a cause that will not stoop to the accursed use of cannon and battleship.

Whenever the truce is called the men now maneuvering for each others' lives will hasten to shake hands and exchange confidences. The profound thing in this war is the subordination of personal interest and energy to the organized courage and incorporated discipline of the nation. The dead on the great battlefields of Europe are the victims not of a bad passion but of a bad judgment. Their leaders do not need more sensibility but more sense. It is not so much defective individual conscience as a defective social consciousness.

I can well believe that the unhappiest men in Europe today are those who wear crowns. They are heart-broken over this debauchery of patriotism. They are in the line of what they think is their duty. They are mistaken, deluded. They have never lifted their piety out of the singular number. They have not extended the "we" of it to the limits of its religious possibility. In the "we" of the twentieth century party rivalries cease. Under the British flag today Welsh, Irish, Scotch and Australians are fighting together. Once across the channel, French and English, old enemies, are now standing shoulder to shoulder. Next thing we know, Briton and Teuton will have struck hands with Russ and Turk in a nobler warfare against disease, greed and ignorance.

The European powers demand two years of every male citizen in good form, to be devoted to the interests of the State. This is none too much. But suppose the State had reached religion in the plural number and realized that it is but one section of an uncompleted whole, and that the men should march forth to fight, not one another, but a common enemy, to do battle with disease, to advance the cause of intelligence and brotherhood in the world.

Every man, aye, woman, too, ought to be ready to march forth when summoned by the State, if need be to turn their backs on home and dear ones, but not to butcher fellow men. Our civilization has overreached itself. We have developed one side of the spirit and neglected or ignored the other.

I cannot close my sermon without one or two practical illustrations. My friend, Miss Winnie Taylor, in her marvelously searching book, "Behind the Bars," a book written out of the actual life of a woman who was the angel of the Joliet (Ill.) prison for many years; in her closing chapter says, "Already more has been achieved by and through that prison than in my earlier days of prison work I ever dreamed possible. In 1913 fifty 'honor men' were sent out from Joliet to make good roads under the guardianship of unarmed 'trusties.' And it is expected that three hundred more will be put at work on a thousand-acre farm next season."

Have you read in UNITY the account of that meeting of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs held at Wilberforce, Ohio? At that meeting Miss Zona Gale closed a striking address with Markham's quatrain:

> "He drew a circle which shut us out,
> He called us enemy, man to flout,
> We, through love, had the wit to win,
> We drew a circle which shut him in."

At a later session somebody moved a resolution of sympathy for the beloved President, who was then at the bedside of his dying wife. Promptly there came a note of protest from the floor, "Why should we who have been discriminated against, who have had our lives narrowed by him, pass this vote?" Then a tall, majestic figure from the extreme back of the room came down the aisle, a representative from the farthest South, and with thrilling voice said: "We who stand beneath our motto, 'Lifting as we climb,' must eliminate prejudice from our souls. What though 'He draw a circle that shut us out,' we will 'draw a circle that will shut him in.'" We can well believe that this represented, as our reporter indicated, the high water mark of the meeting. They had begun to climb the golden stairs of the "we" religion, which began on the lowest earth and reaches into the far away heavens.

Not Bunyan's Pilgrim, who abandoned wife and children on his way to heaven, but that earlier pilgrim of the Hindu story, who is described as living centuries before Bunyan was born at a time and place unreached by the story of the Nazarene. It is the story of a noble prince who started out to reach the Celestial City without waiting for the passport which death gives. When the journey began he was accompanied by a goodly company of knights and ladies, but as the days grew hot and the road grew long and dreary, one after another fell out by the way. They returned to the comforts and the safeties which they had left behind. But the valiant knight persisted until when he arrived at the heavenly gate he was accompanied only by his faithful dog. There was a royal welcome on the part of the gatekeeper. "Thou hast made the long journey. Thou hast won the heavenly city. Enter! But no dogs are allowed to enter through this gate. He must be left behind." And then this knight of the Hindu faith graciously declined the proffered

invitation. He would not enter the city, however celestial, that would separate him from so valiant and faithful a companion. And he said, "Nay, I will stay without with my dog."

I need not follow farther the hero of the Maha-Bharata. He is not the creation of an Oriental dreamer, but a type and prophecy of that "we" religion that is ever coming into the world. Religion began away down in the fear of the cave dweller, when the timid soul dreaded the manifestation of divine power breaking out of the clouds, seeking him with lightning thrusts, but it rises through the grammar of the singular number, out of the dual into the plural concern with all sentient things.

Comte developed a religion of humanity in which he exploited man, noble, beautiful man, perfected humanity as the adequate object of worship. Splendid as is this creed, it is too small. There must be room for the favorite horse and the faithful dog. "Him in whom we live and move and have our being" enfolds all beings. The Church of the Living God invites our loyalty and summons our fealty to the martyrs, apostles, prophets and the transfigured Saviors of all ages. The Lord that is "my Shepherd" is also "Our Father."

In the joy and power of this faith may we go forth to love and live more and more in a love for man and in a trust in God. Amen.

CORRESPONDENCE

How Some High School Girls Made A Peace Flag

To the Editor of UNITY:

You have asked me to write you a letter explaining just how we made our "Peace Flag" at the Englewood High School,—a task which will be very pleasant to me. I hope I will make myself clear that you may understand just how we did it.

I was very much interested in your address before our High School on Memorial Day last, and when our principal made it possible for a few of us who cared to do so, to help in making a banner such as you described, I at once determined that I would be one of that few,—and I was. As soon as our program was over that Memorial Day morning I went down to the office and told our principal that I wished to "enlist." My name was the first on the list and it was decided that I was the real "Betsy." Soon afterward four other girls from my class gave their names and we then formed our little "Betsy Ross" Society. With the suggestions and aid of a few of our faculty we soon had our new flag planned.

A regular United States flag was purchased and enough white bunting to allow a border on the two sides and the free end, about eighteen inches in width. We had some trouble in deciding which countries should be represented on the peace border as there were so many to select from. It was suggested that only those nations which had at some time helped to promote a universal peace should appear, and it was with this idea in mind that we made our choice. The following is the list we finally decided upon: Turkey, China, Spain, Brazil, Greece, Cuba, Italy, Norway, Russia, Denmark, Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Mexico, Argentina, Sweden, Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, Japan and Chili, making twenty-three in all.

These little emblems were made of silk, and as nearly as we could obtain them so, were perfect miniatures of the larger national banners. We purchased two of each in order to make both sides of the flag alike. Where a country had two emblems as its national flags we used one on one side and the other just opposite. Great Britain was of this kind.

We placed these small flags as artistically as possible and whipped them on tightly by hand, after they had been strongly stitched by machine. All of our sewing, both by hand and by machine, was done very firmly on account of the constant wearing and flapping in the wind. After our border was completed our flag really looked very well, and after a few extra stitches for security it was complete. Along the end of the flag, which was bound with white canvas and contained the rings with which to fasten it to a rope, we found it necessary to allow some bunting to be caught in the canvas binding. This binding we had to add on either side of the flag for the eighteen inches of white border.

The whole task was very pleasant and I know that each one of us who helped was very happy when we saw it completed. As for pride when it was presented in the name of Englewood High, I know you are capable of knowing how great that was without my telling you. To add to my pride and happiness in its completion, our principal called me to his office and asked me if I should like to present it on Commencement night. You may be sure my answer was a very decided "Yes." I thought up a very short presentation speech and gave the peace banner to the school as a last piece of work done by a few of its seniors.

I hope that my explanation has been clear enough to you that you may be able to use it in making flags in other schools. If I can in any way help you further I shall be more than pleased to do so at any time.

Yours respectfully,

LORRAINE E. SINCLAIR.

True and False Political Philosophy

The direction of public attention to the damage which may be wrought to the political thought and life of a people by the currency among them of a philosophy like that of Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi will be salutary if it reminds our own people that essentially the same philosophy has largely prevailed among themselves for half a century. Only lack of temptation and pressure has prevented its more influential expression and its embodiment in public policy in more flagrant ways than has been the case. The hour has struck for a searching examination of the fundamentals of our thinking. A true philosophy of history, and politics especially, is of supreme importance for all workers for the peace and better organization of the world. The clear conception of the law of progress in human affairs, an "increasing purpose" running through the ages, is the mightiest reinforcement for the workers for progress.

Immense harm has resulted from the fact that our modern doctrine of evolution, intrinsically so solvent and illuminating, came into vogue in connection with

the more or less mechanical and unspiritual philosophy which was then prevalent in England and Germany—a philosophy which did not see beyond the realm of secondary cause. It is questionable whether, by reason of this fact, the net result of the influence of the doctrine in ethics, politics and sociology has not been up to the present time quite as baneful as beneficial. Darwin himself furnishes no credentials for this application or interpretation of evolution; he would have read with entire sympathy a book like Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid a Factor in Evolution." The common conceptions of "the struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest," which for half a century have had such wide currency and influence, have been made the basis and excuse for manifold national as well as individual selfishness and exploitation of weaker peoples by the strong. We Americans saw it in the Philippines and at Panama, and other peoples have seen it in South Africa, Morocco, Persia and elsewhere. The doctrine, with the philosophy in whose saddle it rode, did not tend to promote self-sacrifice, coöperation and the ideals of an organic international life. It was only when it became interpreted in the terms of idealism and a clear teleology, as here in America in such books as John Fiske's "Destiny of Man," that it began to render its true service in the political and social field. Immanuel Kant, a century before, in such essays as that upon "The Natural Principle of the Political Order," had really covered thoroughly the same ground; and it was but natural that, with such a philosophy, he should write his famous essay upon "Eternal Peace," in which he rendered such conspicuous service to the peace movement.

In the spirit of this Kantian philosophy is the impressive essay by Henry M. Simmons on "The Cosmic Roots of Love," so thoroughly informed by the true doctrine of evolution. Mr. Simmons was one of the most thoughtful and gifted men in the American pulpit in the last generation, serving during the later years of his life as minister of the Unitarian Church in Minneapolis. The essay was included in his volume entitled "New Tables of Stone," published in 1904, about the time of his death. The title of his essay is the well-known phrase borrowed from John Fiske, suggesting one of the central thoughts in Kropotkin's noteworthy book on evolution. A better title for the essay might have been "The Increasing Purpose." The essay gives a singularly illuminating survey of the world process, culminating in human civilization, and prophetic of the complete coöperation of men. It is a veritable little philosophy of nature and history in twenty pages; and it has proper place among the pamphlets of the World Peace Foundation, which gives it freely to all applicants at this time, as an antidote to much current false philosophy of evolution.

A striking illustration of the same philosophy of history is furnished by the chapter upon "The World State," incorporated by Professor Philip Van Ness Myers in the latest editions of his popular text-book of "Modern History," and this is especially commended to the attention of teachers as a significant new phenomenon in school histories, and emphatically a sign of the times. The principles of the chapter, more fully and impressively developed by Professor Myers in his little book on "History as Ethics," should be especially enforced by teachers of history and politics at this time. Professor Myers places at the head of this chapter the following word from Bluntschli: Unconquerable time itself works on unceasingly, bringing the nations nearer to one another, awakening the universal consciousness of the community of mankind; and this is the natural preparation for a common organization of the world." The long processes, collisions and struggles of history, the chapter shows, find their justification and interpretation only as we see that they have all been informed by the increasing purpose and have been preparations for the fraternity and coöperation of peoples and a true world order. Professor Myers views the great modern peace movement, with the Hague Conferences, the rapid extension of international arbitration, and the imperative demand for the real organization of the world, as the culminating and distinguishing fact in the history of our age, a fact not to be obscured by the recurrence of wars, however general or awful; and many will remember that Mr. George P. Gooch in England, in his "History of Our Time," places the same conspicuous emphasis upon the peace movement in the cloisng pages of his little book.

It is essentially what Emerson and Bushnell said to us here in New England in the last century. Bushnell's "The Growth of Law" should be read again by every one of us in this eventful time; and Emerson's address on "War" is pervaded by the true conception of evolution like no other treatment of the subject in the period when he wrote. Indeed, Emerson's pages from first to last are pervaded by that true philosophy of evolution which is the effective antidote for false philosophy; and if ever there was a time when all men should be reading Emerson anew, that time is now. In him especially do we find the corrective of that bastard patriotism and exaggerated national consciousness which are so responsible for the selfishness and mad rivalry which have wrought such ruin at this hour. "We hesitate," says Emerson, "to employ a word so much abused as patriotism, whose true sense is almost the reverse of the popular sense. We have no sympathy with that boyish egotism, hoarse with cheering for one side, for one state, for one town. The right patriotism consists in the delight which springs from contributing our peculiar and legitimate advantages to the benefit of humanity."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

I KNOW.

I thought that it was over. I thought
The time had come when I could face
Life's questions all without you. I thought
This heart of mine which longs and calls
For you was dead, and never would arise
To trembling life again. But now I know
As I have really always known, that
Life's one great passion does not die;
Sometimes it sleeps; but only to awake
With overwhelming strength, and say
"I will not be put down; I am your life
And I will claim that which belongs
To me. Some how it must come. No great love
Was ever born which did not, in some way,
Bring its reward." And so I say to you
Sometime, somewhere, you will come back to me.
I know, and I will wait through all eternity.

Youngstown, Ohio. —MARY MILES COLVIN.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE LESSON OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

To Our Fellow Citizens:

For more than three months we have watched the ebb and flow of the blood-red tide of war in Europe: the tidings from its battlefields might stir the coldest heart to some sense of that "Infinite Pity which is alone sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life." We need not dwell upon these awful pictures save as they may awaken us to a sense of the duty which presses upon us, which lies at our doors, the duty to endeavor by the Grace of God to root out from the world this fearful disease.

It cannot be the will of our merciful Father in Heaven that this earth which He has made should suffer forever from the hideous scourge of war; but it is possible for us to oppose His will, to be so given over to the worship of force, to the lust for power, and to the selfishness and vainglory of life, that we go on year after year building our battleships and destroyers, and forts, and assembling our armed hosts, until at last He takes us at our word and allows us to follow our own devices, to depend upon the sword and the right arm of man's power, and the shield of our own making. Then come envy and jealousy, strife and hatred, and some cry that Christianity has failed, while others invoke the aid and blessing of the Almighty upon the success of their arms.

Our country at this very hour is facing at once a fearful responsibility and a glorious privilege: it is in our power to turn back this tide of militarism, to set an example from which the rest of the world cannot turn away. One of our own countrymen says that "militarism blights like a pestilential wind the higher life of nations and eats like a gangrene into the vitals of civilization"; and again: "All history testifies that a republic has no peril so insidious to fear as the growth of military power within its own borders." Let the history that is now in the making with such fearful rapidity bear witness to the wisdom of these warning words.

Therefore, why not stop? "Why not say in a tone audible around the world,—'We will go no further in this business'"? The deadly Upas tree of militarism has borne its fruit; let the world profit by the lesson.

Were it not better that the young manhood and the virile strength of our nation be consecrated and uplifted to the nobility of Christian Service, to the relief of suffering, to the help of the poor and the outcast, making the world a better place to live in?

With nations as with individuals, the nearer we come to our Heavenly Father, the nearer we come to each other in the brotherhood of man.

Battleships and armies and forts have proved beyond doubt that they cannot keep the peace; they have been tried and found wanting, and capital invested in the making of them becomes itself a menace to the welfare of the nation. Shall not the United States try the more excellent way, "the fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace"?

Fellow citizens, we entreat you to pause and consider these things,—to discern the signs of the times,—to seek the path of duty by that pure light of the Spirit of Christ which enlightens every man.

The Christian disciple serves a Master who "shall not fail nor be discouraged." "The field is the world"; we stand "for no one generation, for no single land"—the boundaries of nations are broken down in this awful time, and for the sake of our common humanity, in the name of Him who gave Himself for the life of the world, we make this solemn appeal.

On behalf of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends.

JOHN B. GARRETT, ISAAC SHAPLESS, GEORGE M. WARNER, GEORGE ABBOTT, HANNAH P. MORRIS, JAMES M. MOON, DAVIS H. FORSYTHE, WILLIAM BISHOP, DR. EDWARD G. RHOADS

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"JUST TO SEE THEM FALL"

In a neat little pamphlet, issued by the California state superintendent of schools, Edward Hyatt, for Arbor Day, appears the following verse, which is particularly good for the song birds of the country. It was written for the young folks by L. O. Reese, of Mr. Hyatt's office force:

Oriole sang in the Singing Tree,
(Heigh—O,
But I loved him so!)
Sang all day, and at night said he,
"Just as sleepy as I can be!—
Sleepy and tired and my throat is sore;
Couldn't have sung one glad note more;
Did my best all the whole day long,
Cheering the world with my sweetest song!"

Oriole sang in the smiling sun:
(Heigh—O,
But I loved him so!)
One came by with a deadly gun * * *
Flash!—and the song was forever done!
Never again will the music free
Ring in the green of the Singing Tree;
"Shot him for fun," said the Boy, "that's all;
Wanted to hit him and see him fall!"

Oriole sang in my dreams tonight,
(Heigh—O,
For I loved him so!)
Sang for the days when the sun was bright,
Bright on the swift wing's joyous flight;
What had he done? Ah, answer me,
Lonesome leaves on the Singing Tree!
Answer, Shapes that among us crawl,
Shooting dear things * * * just to see them fall!

Hymn Books Wanted

A small liberal congregation desires to purchase a supply of second hand copies of the pamphlet edition of "Hymns and Tunes from the Revised Editions of the Hymn and Tune Book and the social Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association. Must be in fair condition.

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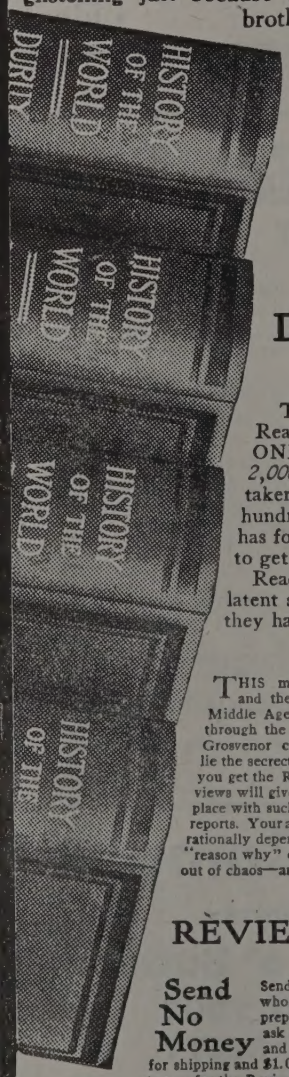

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